

Is my Love then flown,

A FAVORITE SONG,

Adapted to an

Indian Melody.

with an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE,

by

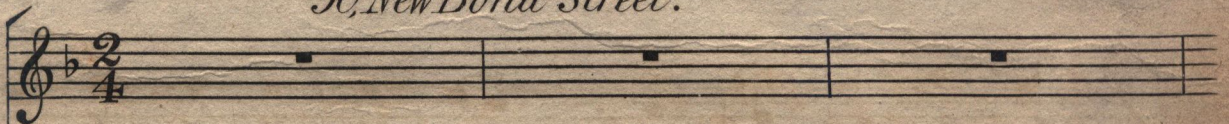
J. DAVY.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

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VOICE



ANDANTE

PIANO
FORTE



*Vide Quarterly review of
this dirty business*

Is my love then flown? That love I thought sin - cerest,

Art thou faith - less grown, To him who lov'd the dearest!

Yes, no more I see, Thine eyes in beams are spark - ling,

Looks which once shed joy o'er me Are now both cold and dark - ling,

Is thy love then flown, That love I thought sin - cerest,

Art thou faith - less grown, To him who lov'd thee dearest.

Yet an hour will come,
When all thy charms so blooming,
Like flowers on a tomb,
Chill time will be consuming!
Then thou'lt think of him,
Betray'd with hopes deceiving,
And a tear perhaps may dim,
Thine eyes for me while grieving!
Is thy love then flown,
That love I thought sincerest,
Art thou faithless grown,
To him who lov'd thee dearest!

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